

# PHOENIX



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1979

## ***PHOENIX Literary and Graphic Publication***

**The College of New Rochelle  
May, 1979 Volume V**

The tradition of a literary and graphic publication at the College of New Rochelle originated with the QUARTERLY, CNR's first magazine. The QUARTERLY had become the most distinguished collegiate publication on the Eastern Seaboard. However, during the uncertain period of the 1960's, student interest waned. Today, the PHOENIX magazine is endeavoring to continue the time-honored practice of publishing poetry, creative prose, and art.

6/13/80 - CNR  
The present publication was named after the mythical bird, the Phoenix. The legend states that the Phoenix lived for 500 years in the Arabian desert, consumed itself in fire, and then rose anew from its own ashes. The PHOENIX magazine has risen from the ashes of the QUARTERLY and hopes to have an increasing importance to the entire College community.

In honor of the 75th Anniversary of the College of New Rochelle, the 1979 PHOENIX has included excerpts from the old QUARTERLY issues of Nov. 1905 and Feb. 1907 respectively.

## ***Saint Angela's Quarterly***

### **ENTRE NOUS**

RECIPE. — Take a liberal quantity of Eastern environment, a dash of the West, a man, a maid, a mother. Mix thoroughly with a spoonful each of the adjectives "poor," "dear," "rich," "bad," "old," "young." Grate one small slice of the dictionary. Boil same over fires of burning passion. While still red hot, pour over two sheets of spotless foolscap. If directions are carefully followed, result will be one original short story — a la Miss J.



## **BENEFIT OF CLERGY**

"YOU don't think of anyone else, Brother Williams, whom I should call on this week?"

"Well — no, unless old Mrs. Clark. She used to come regular every Sunday till their old horse died. But she doesn't get out anywhere now. The poor thing is bothered with rheumatism and can't walk. They say she wouldn't have felt worse if one of her best friends had died. Oh, and there's Mrs. Bristol, too. Her husband died quite recently. She lives opposite Mrs. Clark."

"Now, let me see if I have things straight. Mrs. Clark, whose husband died lives on the right hand side of the road, and Mrs. Bristol opposite. Well, well, I'll go and see them this very week. Thank you very much."

At three o'clock the next afternoon, the Reverend Mr. Harkness was ringing Mrs. Bristol's door-bell. A trim maid showed him into a little old-fashioned parlor, saying that her mistress would be down soon.

"Good afternoon, madam. I trust I find you well. And the other members of the family?"

"Very well, Mr. Harkness. It is very good of you to call so soon. You heard of our terrible loss?"

"Yes. It was extremely sad. When did he die?"

"Tuesday morning at half-past two."

"He had a long life of usefulness."

"Sixty years."

"Unusual! Unusual!" said the minister, stroking his chin. To himself "She'll go next, she's breaking up badly — He suffered from a spavin?"

"No," snappishly, "heart disease."

"Poor creature — he died there in the old red barn."

"No."

Mr. Harkness began to feel uncomfortable.

"Well, it was expensive to keep him; and he wasn't of much use anyhow. Brother Williams said you wouldn't have felt worse if one of your best friends had died."

"I should say not." The good lady burst into tears.

"It must have been hard to shoot him, but, after all, it was the kindest thing to do."

"Beast, leave my house at once! Do you think we are murderers?"

Mr. Harkness walked home thoughtfully. "It must have been Mrs. Clark's horse that died."

## **MY FIRST TRIP**

And your purse, my dear — never let it out of your hand. You can't be too careful." My mother was bidding me good-bye. "Be sure, Jane, speak to no one — I warn you."

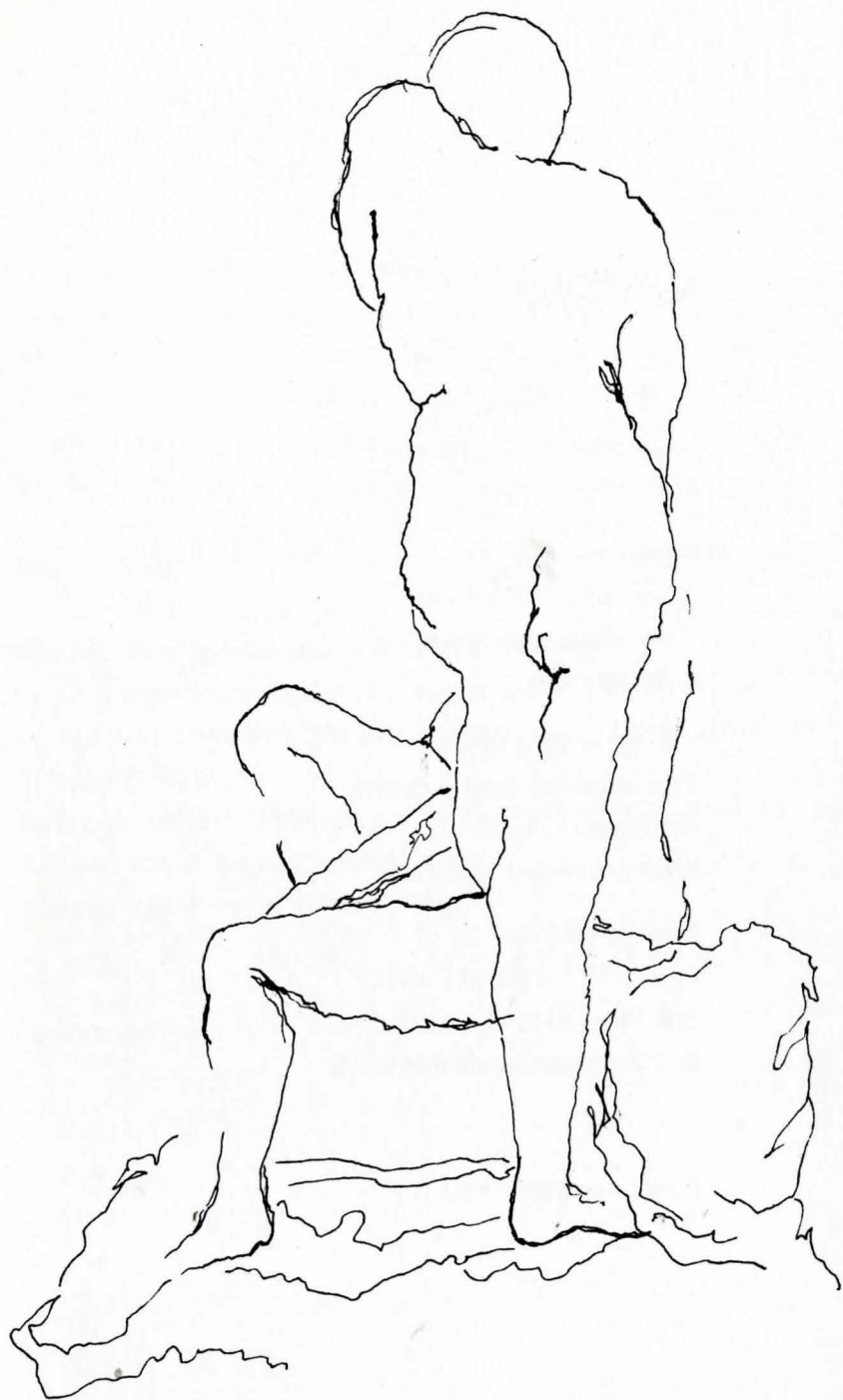
I heard the anxious words as the train was starting.

It was my first journey to the city. That was a great event in those days, and — well, I was just eighteen. The ride was long. My head ached a little from the jostling of the train, but what did anything matter — I was on my way to the city.

The train stopped. I was borne along with the other passengers who hurried from the car. I felt bewildered in the great crowd. Aunt Martha was to meet me — Yes, there she was! I was hastening towards her when some one touched my arm and said — "Your purse, Madame." He held out his hand, but I did not look. "He must be a beggar," I thought, "or —," and in an instant all I had heard of the coolness and audacity of pickpockets rushed through my mind. Trembling inwardly, but drawing myself up with dignity, I said over my shoulder, "Never, sir," and hurried on.

I had answered a stranger to be sure, but at least, I had taken care of my — what! I drew my hand from my muff — my purse was lost.

*Catharine Dacey, '09.*



*Carol O'Neill*

## ***Essence***

Letting go of the words  
As they spill onto the page  
Misspelled and misplaced  
Out of time without age

Sharp and smooth  
They cut and they heal  
They warm and weave  
A fantasy real

Unlocked by a thought  
That escaped from a dream  
Saying all except  
What it's meant to mean

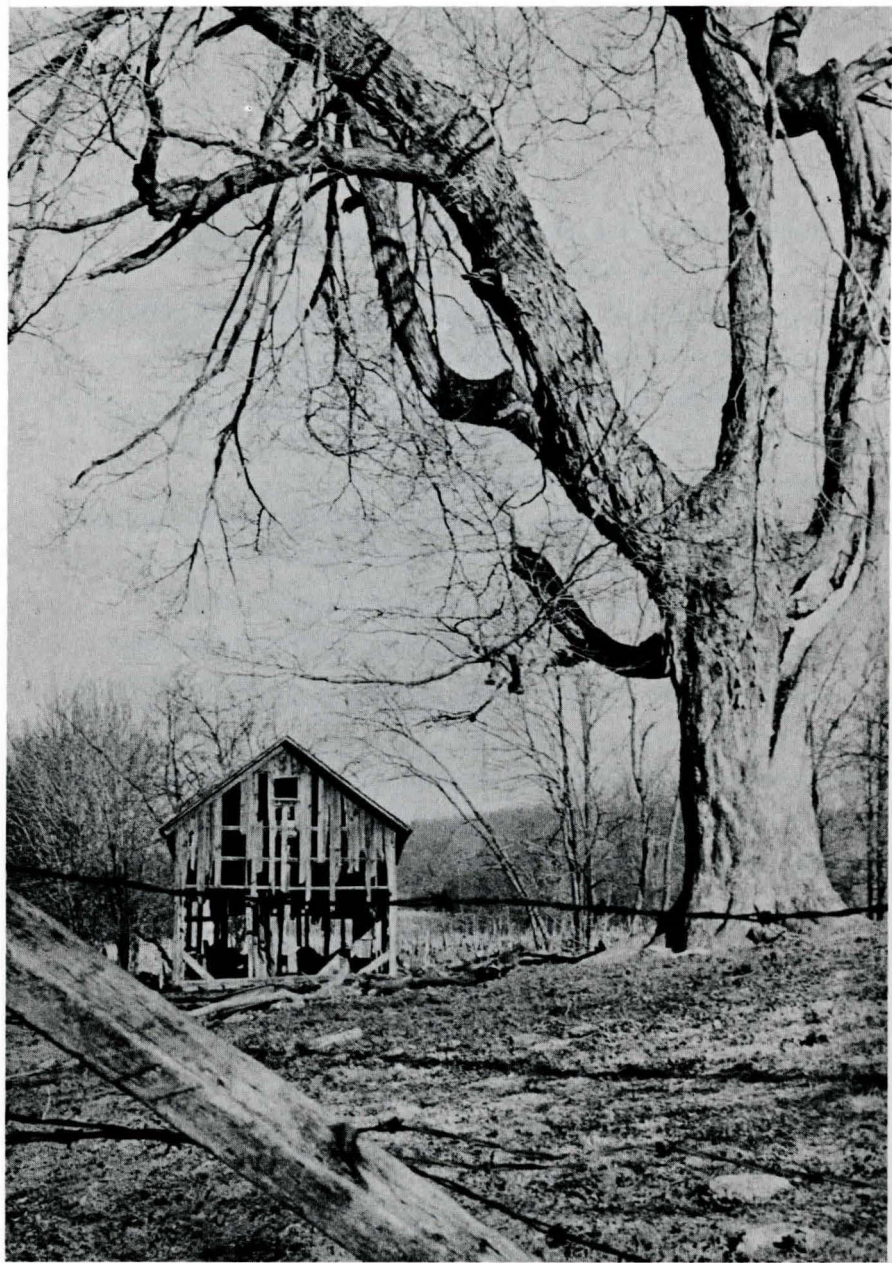
Reused yet new  
In a million different ways  
The thoughts may wander  
But the essence always stays.

*Carol Ann Concorso*

The stones in the graveyard creaked and moaned  
In time with the wind and the rain  
As the greenish tint of a summer's storm mingled itself with grey.  
Darkness was strangely visited by light while shadows of  
Mist hung low on the ground.  
Here amid the silence and solitude there danced  
Between the monuments and vines,  
Whispy beings clad in white veils cascading from their shoulders  
And trailing at their heels.  
They lept into breezes like leaves from a bough,  
And when the drops of rain began to fall, they rolled like  
beads of glass onto the mossy green and twinkled like finely  
formed crystals.  
Making music for the ghostly beings as they frolicked about in pleasure,  
They left in the last tinkling of bells,  
Leaving trails of silver in their wake.

*Rosemary Dillon*





*Leslie Manna*

## ***Spiderweb***

A silken strand swayed in the casual breeze  
under a waiting, watchful eye  
Until the breeze swept the thread in a continuous  
movement

Across  
to its destination.

Alert to the instant foundation  
Quick feet tightroped along a single, sticky edge,  
followed by more unravelling strands,  
Each with a purpose  
But none possible  
without the first.

***Susan Stansfield***



## ***Dream***

Isn't it strange that at night  
You need a light to read but  
Not a light to dream?

*Theresa Jones*

## ***Question***

where are the prophets  
when thought is sleeping  
and you need to live

*Nancy Carey*

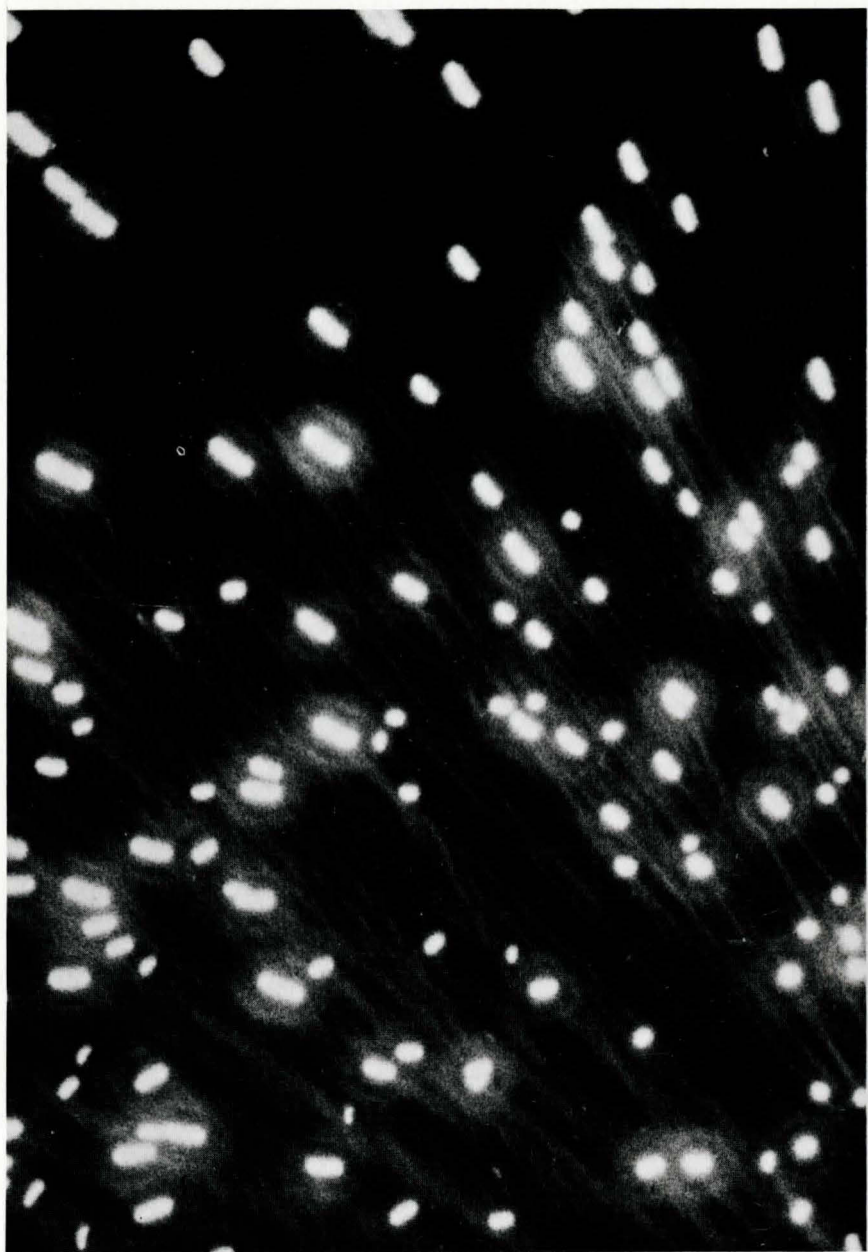


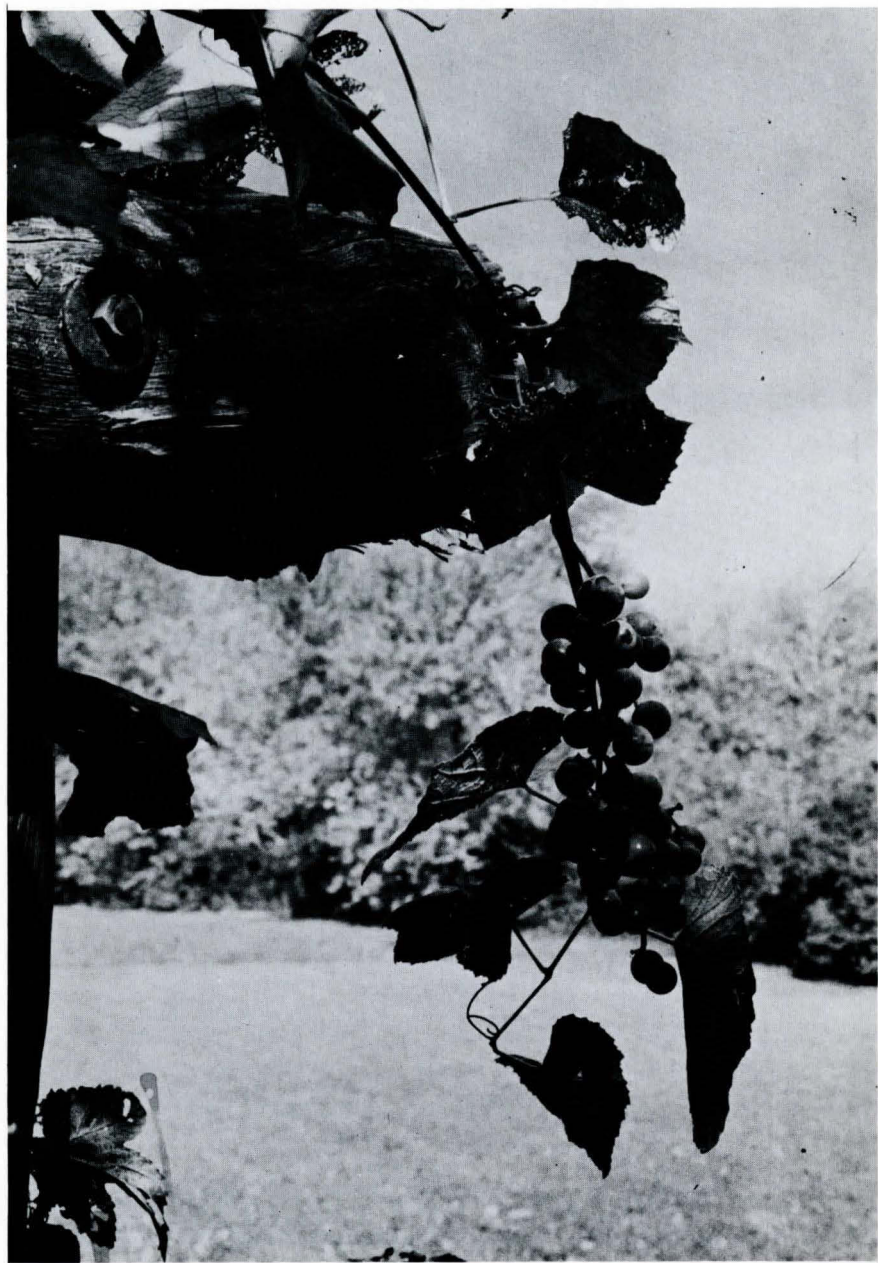
## ***Blindness***

As age sets,  
I will not discover your loving glance,  
nor look upon the meadow.  
Children will never feel my stare,  
while the tide rises  
under empty eyes.

Do not despair,  
my arms will see into your love,  
I will breathe the colors of the meadow.  
Children will dance among memories,  
as my ears spy on the ocean.  
You have feared I cannot see,  
I don't need sight for we  
have loving eyes.

***Nancy Carey***





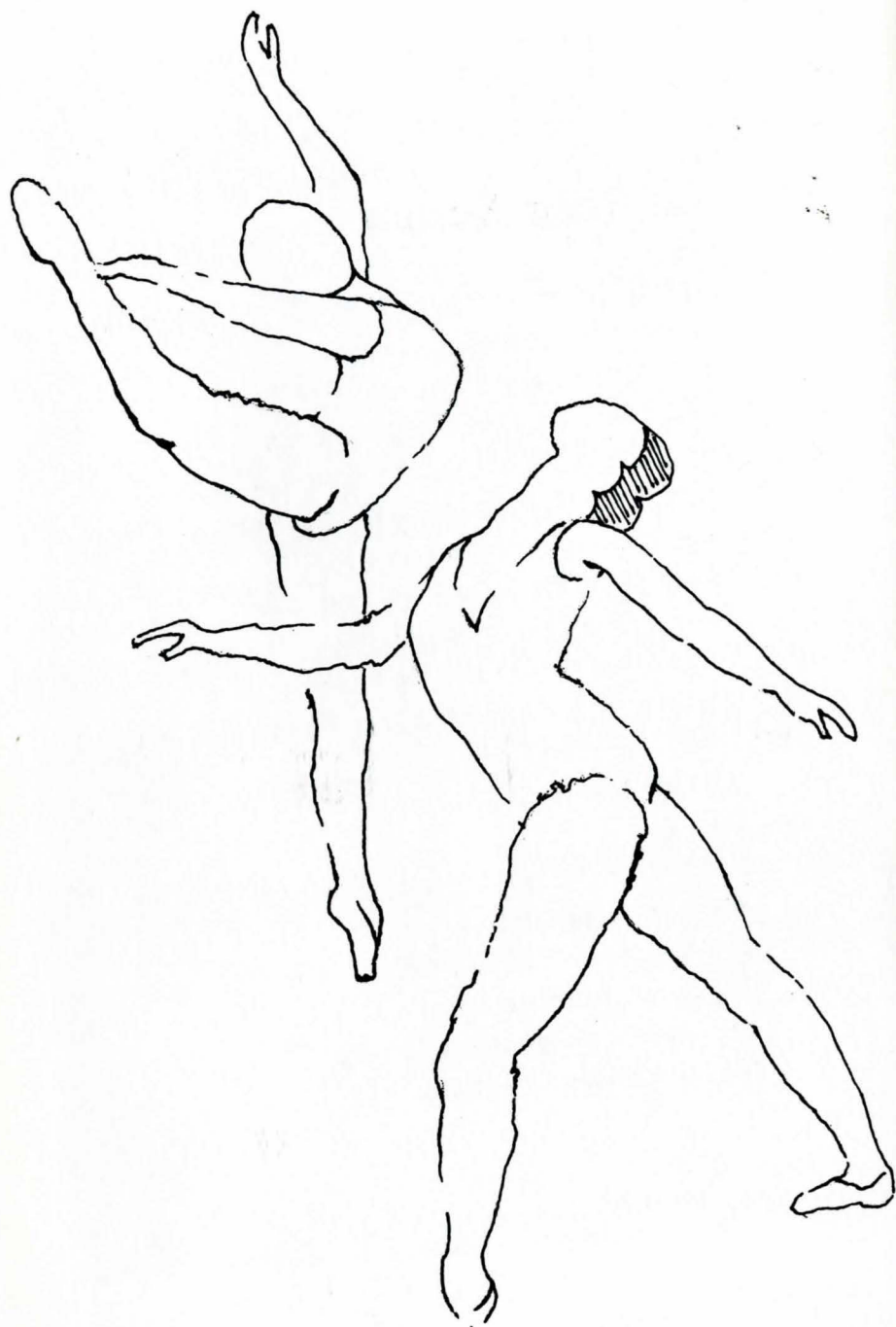
*Leslie Manna*

## ***Le Rose Coupé***

Breezy autumn evening and freshly mowed grass  
Tugging on mommy's full skirt  
Then running across the lawn  
And doing cart wheels and exploring  
Yes, there is the bush with the big red fla-la  
And here comes Freddy across the back  
Dragging his shiny red wagon  
Billowing on the line are the fresh sheets  
Rosy pink streaks the bluish sky  
And humming she trims the foliage.  
Stooping, I try my hand at knotting my little shoes  
When here comes mommy  
With the rose  
Cut.  
Suddenly the torrents of tears pour forth  
And she explains with a hug  
That the rose will grow back,  
That it didn't hurt the rose,  
But I neither understand why I cry  
Nor believe I should not Be.

***Kate Madigan***





Carol O'Neill

## ***Paranoia***

Previous tenants

Still bear keys

To my apartment

They slip in

to ransack gems hidden deep

in drawers carved with careless scratches.

They leer at my choice

in shredded chairs and unmatched sets

of books and cracked glasses

Relics of a life

half-mine

half-borrowed

other people's trash.

*Anne Dolen*

Rare are the moments  
of responding.  
Reason and rationale  
are always in the way.

*Elizabeth Muckell*

## ***Argument***

Reverberating mess of repetition  
Igniting pent-up volcanic egos  
Explosions of bloody senselessness  
Reincarnation of lost shadowy phantoms  
Accelerated blurts and huffs  
Fading flash of electric shock

*Anita Malpica*

## ***Disappointment***

A flickering teardrop  
hesitated,  
swelling  
among dampening lashes  
so long and feathery and fine . . .  
Until the teardrop could balance no longer  
on its own roundness and pearly wetness  
It loosened and rolled

rolled

rolled

along a pinkening cheek  
down toward a trembling chin,  
gripping a gentle, silent sob . . .  
Then it dropped  
with no momentum  
no sound  
onto the empty

dandelion

stalk.

*Susan Stansfield*





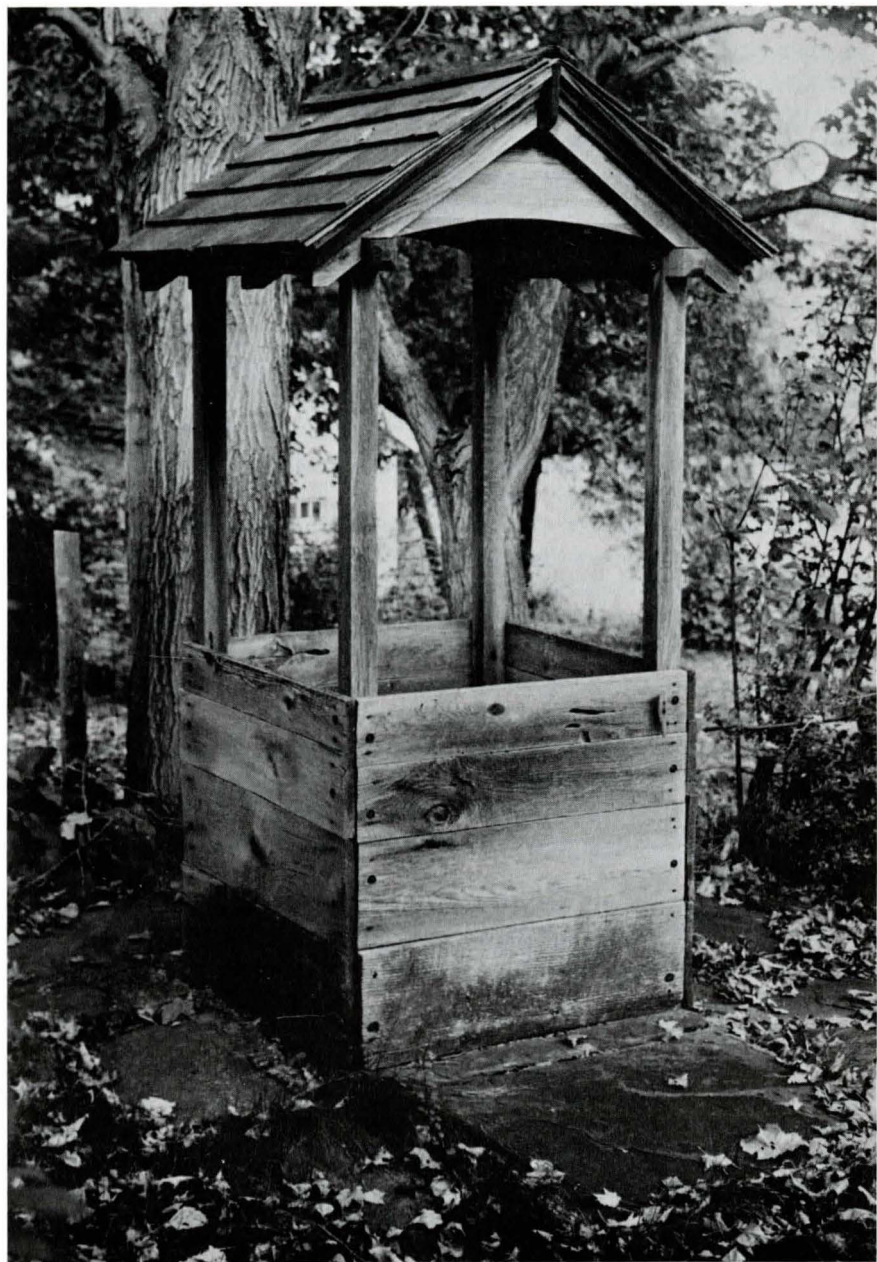


*Barbara Gherardi*

Deep into the bluish dark of twilight,  
The murky depth of the sea  
Swelled and rippled where the horizon meets the evening sky.  
It reached to the pale, ghastly face of the moon  
as it shone through the dusky haze,  
Reflecting sparkles of silver for an instant before dropping  
them into the depths.  
And the golden disc that had seen sailing ships and dying men  
and periwinkles through the foam  
Cast one slender streak of gold like an endless path  
leading forever on, with no destination.  
Even the starfish on the ocean floor mirrored  
the twinkling gems of the sky —  
Like diamonds carelessly thrown upon black velvet.  
Waves rhythmically moved toward the shore until they at last raced  
as white horses onto the greyish sand, or danced and lapped  
at rocks remaining so steady amid the confusion  
of endless motion.

*Rosemary Dillon*





*Leslie Manna*



## ***Sisowtobell Lane Revisited***

She had dreamed about waffles, or so she thought, as she awoke to the smell of frying batter drifting through the vent in her room. Annie's bedroom was directly over the kitchen, and the vent in the floor served as her alarm clock. She was lucky to have inquired about the room shortly after its previous occupant had moved out. It was the nicest and the oldest bedroom, and it was situated in the original portion of the house. She rather liked that.

Annie's hand hung over the bed, groping around the floor. Her slippers — where had she put them? She was forever misplacing them.

"Oh, the hell with them. I hate slippers anyway." She threw the covers off and walked to the window. A frost had accumulated during the night, and she could barely see through it.

Annie shivered. She was almost tempted to run back under her comforter rather than brave the morning chill, but the waffles beckoned and her stomach made the decision.

The hallway was dim, and she groped along the wall for guidance. Her hand skimmed over the wallpaper, the embossed velvet tingling against her fingertips as she descended the steps.

The mustiness of wooden beams permeated every room, but only food smells could be found in the kitchen — no other smells dared enter.

"Morning, Annie. Hungry?" It was David's turn to cook, and she was glad — it had meant she could sleep late.

"Am I? — I'm always hungry, you know that. And that vent in my room makes me even hungrier."

"Yeah. I always wondered why you ate so much more at breakfast. I just thought you subscribed to that belief that breakfast was the most important meal."

"No, I'm just a food fiend at heart."

The kitchen was always the warmest place in the house. If something wasn't baking in the oven, then the crackling logs warmed the room. Today both were lit.

Annie sniffed in the toastiness of the waffles as she stepped out onto the porch. The sun was beginning to peek over the enormous leafy mound in the distance. Four states could be seen from the top of that mountain, and the crisp, cool air gave clear images of the land beyond. The expanse excited her. She had lived in Manhattan most of her life and had never viewed the four states purported to be seen from the Empire State Building. Mountain air was so much more stimulating, she thought, as she breathed deeply.

The leaves were starting to turn, setting the mountains ablaze in a splash of flame. It was like dreaming in technicolor. A swift breeze brought her quickly back to reality, and she turned and hurried back inside.

The waffles were ready. She drew her chair up close to the fireplace and stared at the flames. Orange. Red. Yellow. She smiled.

"What's the matter?" asked David.

"Nothing," she said, placing a piece of syrup-soaked waffle into her mouth. "Not a thing."

*Kathy Guarino*



# A PROCESS

the hole gaped wider and wider

until every thing  
was no thing —

like an african bush fire rampaging  
with winged

speed, singing, stripping my surety

i'm a feverish furnace furiously fueling myself with opinions  
(that's right, I'M EATING MY WORDS)

now, refreshed,

i can hear distant drums beating

beating in time

to the pulsing gap

growing wider and wider...

*Carol Bruzzese*



**Barbara Gherardi**





*Nancy J. Barry*



## ***Strawberries***

Rouged flaming peacocks  
Tart and proud  
Rambling wild on mountains.

*Anne Dolen*

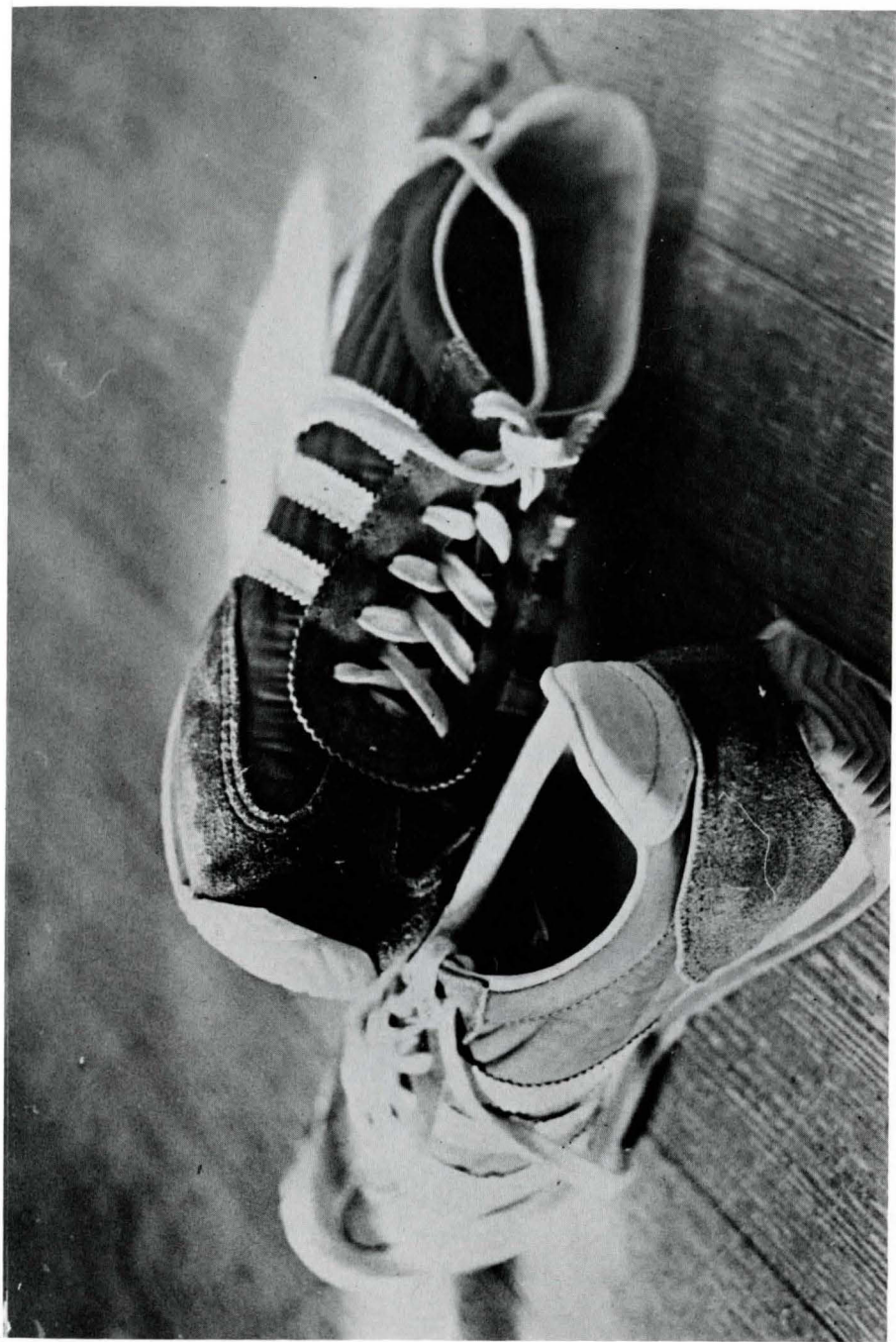
Morning —  
Seeping through the curtain —  
Seeking me out  
like a salesman,  
in a tiny store.

*Elizabeth Muckell*

## ***Saguaro***

Sentries, standing guard over the horizon  
Guarding Sonoran treasures  
Hundreds, watchful, perched, waiting for the unexpected  
Colors slashed across twilight  
The sentries rise and expand to meet the dangers of the dusk,  
Arms outstretched, forming tentacles. Grasping,  
Ensnaring intruders to this desert tableau  
Silent sentinels, the flatlands are yours.

***Kathy Guarino***



*Jerene Costello*



Jerene Costello

## ***Relationship***

Overheated  
Classroom, old wooden desk  
And podium loom  
Over pretzel chairs.

You snap tongue, your  
Polyester  
Legs casually flung  
Over your desk.

And I  
Cramped in a chair  
Watch the words roll  
Out your mouth.

*Anne Dolen*



## ***A Feeling***

My heart, a rose,  
opens

You fly upon

Dusk

I will close and  
hold you inside

*Nancy Carey*

They say there is a man for every woman.  
Am I a woman who has no man or,  
Am I but a child whose man has not yet come?

*Theresa Jones*

Bloodhounds, Bloodhounds  
    spittin blood at me  
talkin sum'n bout  
    facing reality  
Hid my face in  
    a bowl of tears  
the pain kept touchn me  
    caught my last breath  
of fantasy and began  
    to be petrified  
those goddamn bloodhounds  
    made me 'see  
    ain't nobody touchn  
my fantasy but  
    me . . . . .

*J.L.J.*



*Leslie Manna*

## ***Pure Goodness: A Vision***

I looked into the face  
Of pure goodness  
And averted her eyes  
I was not worthy  
of penetrating  
Radiant love.

Revering that joyful compassionate spirit  
I avoided the dazzling light  
Instead, in the shadow,  
I stole worshipping glances  
And froze and melted  
With each look.

She fluttered by  
And I sought to catch her gentleness  
No, just to stop it.  
To make it stand still  
For me.  
Yet that is selfish.

This Beauty moves me  
As I've never been moved  
What is right  
Is possible  
No limits  
No bounds

No, You cannot be  
A part of me  
Yet I can adore and strive  
To do as you do  
And through your inspiration  
To move with your soul.

## ***The Move***

An empty room  
It says something  
Its open door  
Awaits me.

I enter  
Four blank walls stare (do they accuse me?)  
I walk upon the floor  
But it does not dance.

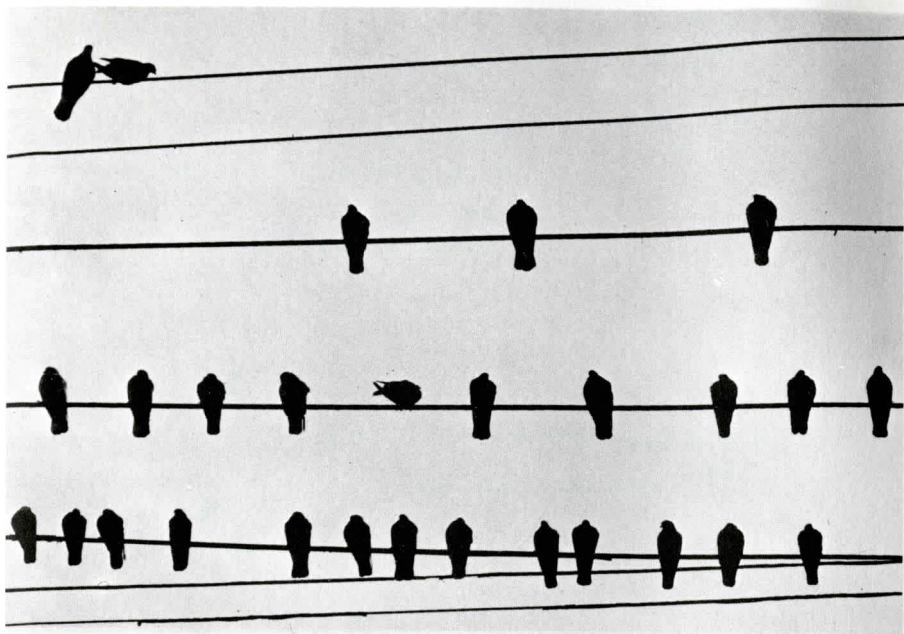
Think back  
Think of the time I spent in this room  
Fantasies, dreams, restless nights, late sleeping morns.

The shadows formed in the darkness of the room showed  
Dancing figures — he and I — and then I would sleep:  
Tripping, falling but not arriving  
People talking but not concluding  
Children playing but are they enjoying?  
Murky waters — I cannot see  
Clouds descending down on me  
The sun sleeping as I dream  
WAKE UP: someone shaking me!

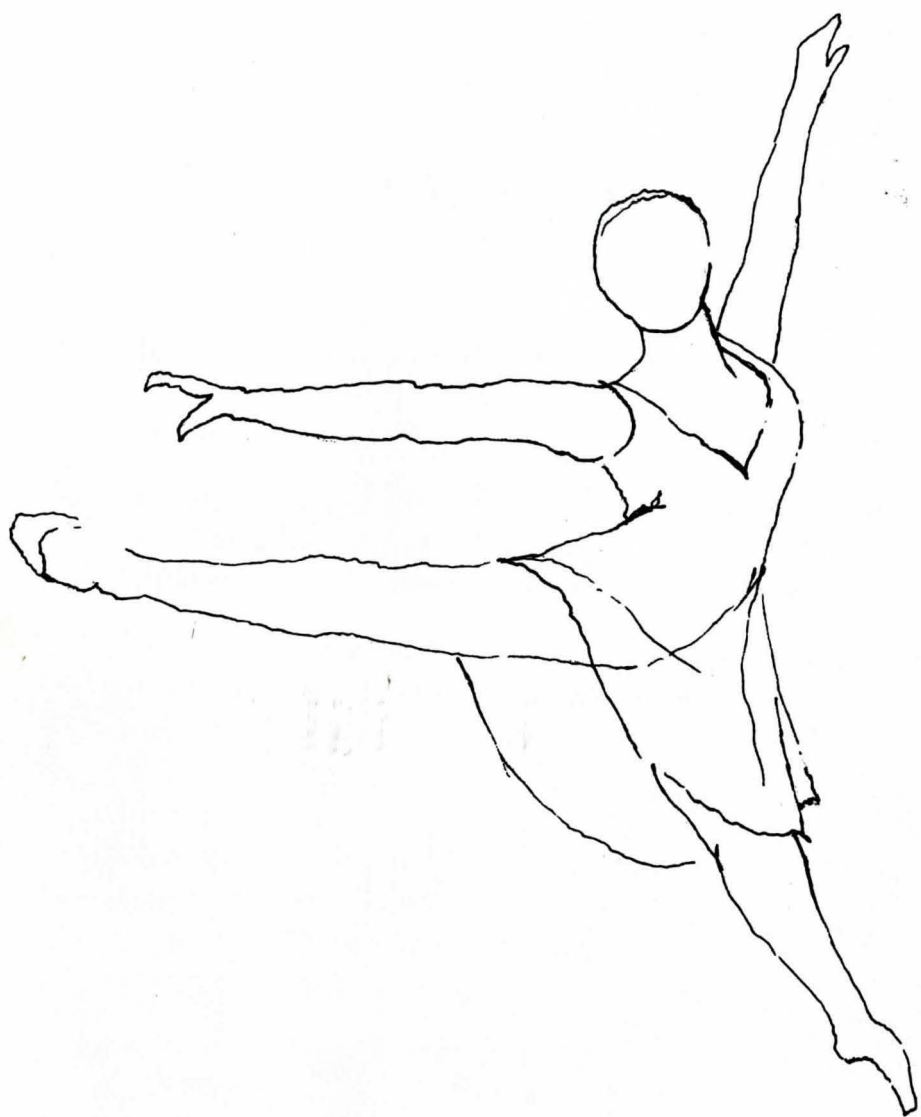
But now the room does not respond  
It is empty, cold, bare  
For I am leaving here  
Yet part of me remains.

*Carol Esposito*





*Lynn Luboyeski*



*Carol O'Neill*

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